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OUTLAWS of the WEST

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

VOTE FOR ARLEN FOR MAYOR

RANDOLPH ARLEN PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT & REAL ESTATE

ARE YOU CRAZY, BURK? I'LL SWEAR A WARRANT OUT AG...

YOU CHICKEN-LIVERED DUDE! YORE SNIVELIN' BREED BELONGS BACK EAST!

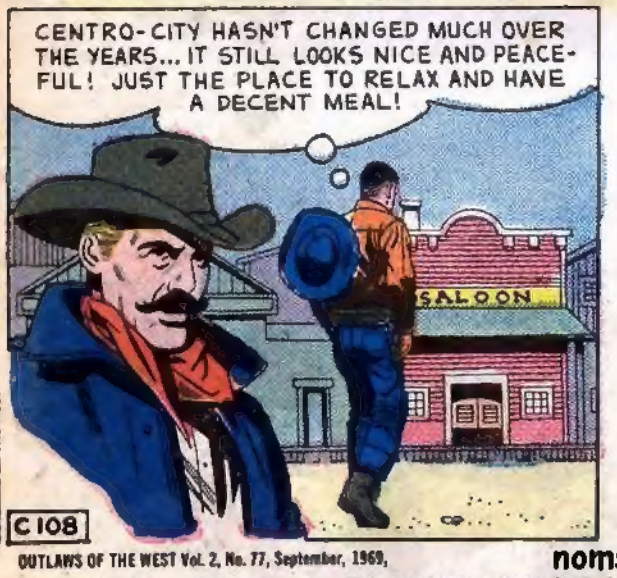
¡SPLAAAT!

"CANDIDATE FOR BOOTHILL"

KID MONTANA
GUNFIGHTER

THE CENTRO-CITY BANK JOB

HE'S BACK...THE WANDERER OF THE WEST... THE MAN WHO'S SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO DISMOUNT, UNSADDLE, AND LIVE LIKE OTHER MEN! BUT HE'S BEEN A MAN WITH A GUN... A MAN WHO'LL FIGHT FOR JUSTICE... A MAN WHOSE CONSTANT COMPANION IS... *DANGER!*


CENTRO-CITY HASN'T CHANGED MUCH OVER THE YEARS... IT STILL LOOKS NICE AND PEACEFUL! JUST THE PLACE TO RELAX AND HAVE A DECENT MEAL!
SALOON

C 108

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST Vol. 2, No. 77, September, 1969,

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W-WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHY DID YOU HIT ME? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THAT WAS JUST A WARNIN' SADDLETRAMP! DON'T BREAK THE LAW IN CENTRO-CITY... OR YUH'LL REGRET IT!

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE MARSHAL ...BUT I DON'T LIKE BEING PUSHED AROUND!

GOOD... THEN JUST MAKE SURE YUH STAY OUT OF MY WAY ...CAUSE I DON'T LIKE DRIFTERS!

WELL NOW, YOU'VE GOT A REAL FRIENDLY MARSHAL THERE, BARTENDER!

TAKE IT EASY MISTER! IT DON'T PAY TUH MESS WITH BANKER HAVERFORD'S MAN!

BANKER HAVERFORD? WHO'S HE? WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH ALL THIS?

HE'S A MIGHTY BIG MAN IN THESE PARTS! IT WAS HIM THAT PUT THE MARSHAL AN' HIS DEPUTIES IN OFFICE!

HAVERFORD DOESN'T WANT ANYONE STEALIN'... EXCEPT HIM! HE'LL CLEAN THIS TOWN OUT QUICKER THAN A HUNDRED OUT-LAWS WAVIN' GUNS!

JAMISON, SHUT UP! YUH'VE BEEN WARNED ABOUT DRINKIN' AN' TALKIN'!

YEAH, THEY *WARNED* ME... BUT I DON'T CARE... I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' LEFT THEY C'N TAKE FROM ME!

EXCEPT *YORE LIFE*, YUH FOOL! NOW, GO *HOME!*

LE 5¢

I GUESS JAMISON IS ONE OF HAVERFORD'S VICTIMS, EH?

YEAH... HAVERFORD TOOK HIS RANCH AN' CATTLE ... ALL LEGAL LIKE! DO ME A FAVOR, COWBOY, AN' SEE THAT HE GETS HOME OKAY!

I WAS WRONG, CENTRO-CITY HAS CHANGED, AFTER ALL... BUT I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED IN ITS PROBLEMS! I'LL SEE JAMISON HOME, THEN HEAD OUT OF HERE MYSELF! THERE HE IS NOW!

KID MONTANA MOVES FORWARD, BUT HIS PACE IS NO MATCH FOR THE RESOUNDING CRACK OF A BULLET, THAT FINDS ITS MARK IN WILLIE JAMISON!

H-HE'S DEAD... SHOT IN THE BACK! WHOEVER DID THIS MUST STILL BE AROUND! I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!

DROP THE GUN, KILLER! DROP IT QUICK BEFORE YA GET THE SAME TREATMENT YA GAVE JAMISON!

WHA-? NICE TIMING, MARSHAL! DO YOU ALWAYS WALK AROUND WITH A SMOKING GUN?

MOVING FAST, MARSHAL HOBIE BANKS HERDED KID MONTANA TO THE CALABOOSE! THERE, CHARGES WERE MADE... AND WITNESSED BY BANKER HAVERFORD!

THIS SADDLETRAMP SHOT JAMISON IN THE BACK, MR. HAVERFORD! I CAUGHT 'IM REDHANDED!

YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS, KILLER! I WON'T HAVE LAWLESSNESS IN MY TOWN!

YOUR OWN MAN MURDERED JAMISON, HAVERFORD... FOR SPEAKING HIS MIND ABOUT YOU AND YOUR CUTTHROATS! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS FRAME UP!

WE'LL SEE, MONTANA... BUT IF YOU KEEP TALKING, YOU'LL DIE BEFORE THE HANGMAN CAN DO THE JOB... FOR ATTEMPTING TO *ESCAPE*, OF COURSE!

YEP, I FIT RIGHT INTO HAVERFORD'S PLAN WHEN I RODE INTO CENTRO-CITY! HE WANTED JAMISON'S MOUTH SHUT, AND I WAS THE PERFECT SET-UP TO STAND TRIAL FOR HIS MURDER!

JESSE

I DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE, THAT'S FOR SURE! I'M A STRANGER IN A FRIGHTENED TOWN, WITH NO FRIENDS TO HELP ME!

4

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

MEANWHILE, IN A VALLEY, NOT FAR FROM CENTRO-CITY, DISPOSSESSED RANCHERS HAD GIVEN UP THEIR LAND TO BANKER HAVERFORD! THEY RODE OUT BEATEN, WITH WHAT FEW POSSESSIONS THEY HAD LEFT!

BANKER HAVERFORD SAYS WE DIDN'T MAKE OUR LAST MORTGAGE PAYMENT! THAT'S A LIE... HE CHANGED THE RECORDS!

THERE NEVER WAS A MORTGAGE ON OUR LAND... BUT HAVERFORD SAYS DIFFERENT! HE'S GOT PAPERS TUH PROVE IT!

I PUT MY LIFE'S BLOOD INTUH THAT RANCH... AN' NOW THAT IT'S AMOUNTIN' TUH SOMETHIN'... HAVERFORD'S FORECLOSIN'!

AND BANKER HAVERFORD GREW WEALTHIER DAY BY DAY!

THE FOOLS! I OWN A MORTGAGE ON ALMOST EVERY RANCH IN THESE PARTS ...AND FORGED A FEW THAT I DIDN'T OWN! HA! HA! HA!

WHEN WE SERVE THE *DISPOSSESS NOTICE*, THEY'LL FIGHT, BOSS!

BANK

WHO CARES? IF THEY DO... SHOOT THEM! YOU'RE THE LAW... AND YOU CAN ALWAYS SUPPLY *WITNESSES* WHO SAW YOU FIRE IN *SELF-DEFENSE!*

YEAH, SURE, WHICH REMINDS ME... JAMISON'S KILLER IS ABOUT TUH STAND TRIAL!

AND IN LESS THAN 30 MINUTES... A VERDICT IS REACHED!

THE JURY FINDS YOU *GUILTY*, KILLER! YOU'LL BE HUNG THIS AFTERNOON AT *FIVE OCLOCK!*

THE JUDGE, AND JURY... THEY'RE ALL ON HAVERFORD'S PAYROLL! HE'S GOT THIS WHOLE TRIAL RIGGED!

THE TRIAL WAS KEPT SECRET... BUT SECRETS AND LIQUOR DON'T MIX!

THAT'S WHAT I'M TELLIN' YUH, BILLYJO..ONE OF THE JURYMEN THAT HAVERFORD PAID TUH VOTE GUILTY, STOPPED IN HERE BEFORE HE RODE OUT OF TOWN!

YOU SAY MONTANA WILL HANG AT FIVE OCLOCK?

BEER

THAT'S RIGHT... AN' HE'S AS INNOCENT AS YOU AN' ME! I ASKED HIM TO SEE JAMISON HOME, AN THAT'S WHEN HAVERFORD HAD HIM FRAMED FOR MURDER!

IN HIS CELL, KID MONTANA PONDERED OVER HIS FATE!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D CASH IN MY CHIPS AT THE END OF A ROPE! THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING I CAN DO!

BILLY

HERE'S YORE LAST MEAL, DRIFTER! MR. HAVERFORD DON'T WANT THE TOWN THINKIN' WE *MISTREATED* YA! BETTER EAT WHILE YA CAN STILL SWALLOW! *HA! HA! HA!*

THANK MR. HAVERFORD FOR ME, MARSHAL, AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT... *HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA YOU CAN GIVE HIM!*

THE MARSHAL WENT DOWN, BUT HIS TWO DEPUTIES HEARD THE RUCKUS AND STOOD BETWEEN KID MONTANA AND HIS FREEDOM! UNDAUNTED, THE GUNFIGHTER MOVED FORWARD!

KID MONTANA LASHED OUT AT ONE DEPUTY, AND THEN ANOTHER, AND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, VICTORY WAS IN SIGHT!

BUT...THE ODDS WERE STILL THREE TO ONE AGAINST HIM, AND IT WAS MARSHAL BANKS WHO BROUGHT A HALT TO THE PROCEEDINGS!

KID MONTANA OPENED HIS EYES TO FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS A FEW MOMENTS LATER! THE BARS... WERE STILL THERE!

HEY... WHAT HAPPENED? WHO ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND THAT! COME ON, BEFORE HAVERFORD'S CROOKED LAWMEN SHOOT YA IN THE BACK!

IN THE LIVERY BARN WHICH INCIDENTALLY, HAVERFORD OWNED, HAVING CHEATED THE OWNER OUT OF THE TITLE, KID MONTANA FOUND SAFETY!

SO THAT'S IT, EH, HAVERFORD HAS BEEN CHEATING YOU WITH CROOKED BOOKS!

YEAH! ONE WAY OR ANOTHER HE'S CUT HIMSELF IN ON EVERY PIECE OF PROPERTY IN THIS TERRITORY!

THAT'S RIGHT... AND THERE ISN'T A THING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!

HAVERFORD HAS THE LAW ON HIS SIDE! HE PUT THE MARSHAL AN' DEPUTIES IN OFFICE!

IF HE'S USING CROOKED BOOKS TO CHEAT YOU ...*THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE'LL USE TO EXPOSE HIM!*

IF YOU'RE THINKIN' WHAT I'M THINKIN', MONTANA, COUNT ME IN!

THANKS, BILLYJO... WE'LL HAVE TO GET THOSE RECORD BOOKS ANY WAY WE CAN! IN THE MEANTIME, ONE OF YOU SADDLE UP AND RIDE FOR THE COUNTY SHERIFF!

HAVERFORD'S NO FOOL... HE PROBABLY EXPECTS US TO MAKE A TRY FOR THE BANK, AND THOSE RECORD BOOKS! GET MOUNTED, BILLYJO!

WHAT'VE YA GOT IN MIND, KID?

WE'RE NOT GOING TO DISAPPOINT HIM, THAT'S FOR SURE... BUT WE'LL DO THIS MY WAY! *LET'S RIDE!*

OKAY, MONTANA, LEAD THE WAY!

THUNDERING HOOVES CLOSED THE GAP BETWEEN THE LIVERY BARN AND HAVERFORD'S BANK, AND THEN, AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, *A SHATTERING CRASH BROUGHT TOTAL CONFUSION TO THE SCENE!*

WELL NOW, HAVERFORD, I GUESS YOUR GREEDY WAYS HAVE COME TO AN END! THE ATTORNEY GENERAL WILL BE REAL INTERESTED IN YOUR BOOKS!

YOU'VE BEEN RIDIN' HERD OVER CENTRO-CITY FOR QUITE A SPELL NOW, BANKS! IT'S ABOUT TIME YA RETIRED!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, DEPUTIES! MAKE ONE WRONG MOVE AND I'LL CUT YOU DOWN WHERE YOU STAND! YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF THE LINE!

HEY LOOK, MONTANA... WE RAIDED THIS BANK JUST IN TIME! THEY WERE GETTIN' READY TA DESTROY THE BOOKS!

FUEL OIL

DEEDS

THE COUNTY SHERIFF ARRIVED A DAY LATER!

SURE THING, GENTS... I'LL PREFER CHARGES AGAINST THE FAKE LAWMEN, AND SEE THAT HAVERFORD STANDS TRIAL FOR A DOZEN CRIMES!

YOU COULD BE THE MARSHAL, MONTANA... OR MAYOR OR WHATEVER YOU WANTED TO BE IN CENTRO-CITY!

SORRY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO DO, FRIEND, ADIOS!

YES, SOMETHING ELSE TO DO! TO RIDE ON... OVER THE NEXT HILL... TO ANOTHER TOWN... TO A PLACE WHERE HE COULD STOP WANDERING, AND HANG UP HIS GU[illegible]

PAW!!!

A MOMENT TO REGRET!

IN WESTERN KANSAS, EARLY IN THE '80'S, BIG RANCHERS FOUGHT THE INFLUX OF SODBUSTERS WHO WANTED TO PLOW THE LAND FOR WHEAT AND CORN! OLD IKE BALDWIN STAKED OUT HIS 640 ACRE SECTION AND STARTED PLOWING THE LAND...BUT HE'D BARELY SEEDED A FEW ACRES WHEN A HARDFACED CATTLEMAN SENT HIS KILLERS IN TO DRIVE OLD IKE AND HIS GRANDSON OFF THE LAND. OLD IKE DIDN'T SCARE...SO SCULLY, THE BOSS KILLER, SLAMMED HIM WITH HIS COLT!

YA GOT YER WARNIN', YA OLD FOOL! GIT OFFA THE LAND OR BE BURIED IN IT!

TURN AROUND, YUH YELLA DAWG!

NICHOLAS ALASCIA

SCULLY HAD HIS SIXGUN...HE WHEELED, AIMING TO USE IT. ...BUT THE FARM BOY'S SLUG FLUNG HIM BACKWARD LIKE AN EMPTY GRAIN SACK!

BLAM!

HE DRYGULCHED SCULLY! LET'S STRING HIM UP!

B-1146

THE BOY RAN LIKE A KANSAS JACKRABBIT...DODGING ROPES AND BULLETS, HEADING FOR THE ROOT CELLAR CUT INTO THE SIDE OF A GRASSY KNOLL.

CUT 'IM OFF...DON'T LET 'IM REACH THAT ROOT CELLAR!

HE'S SLIPPERIER 'N A GREASED PIG!

DON'T GO IN AFTER 'IM... HE'LL BLOW YER HEAD OFF! WE'LL SMOKE 'IM OUT!

ZIP

ZING

THEY SPEEDILY GATHERED GRASS AND LEAVES...MAKING A THICK, ACRID SMOKE...

PLUG 'IM IN THE HEAD WHEN HE COMES OUTA THERE HALF-BLIND WITH SMOKE!

BUT SCULLY'S GUNSLINGERS HADN'T FIGURED STRAIGHT. OLD IKE BALDWIN HAD BUILT HIS ROOT CELLAR WITH AN EXTRA WAY OUT...FOR INDIANS, MOSTLY.

I KILLED HIM...AN' THEY'LL HANG ME FOR IT IF THEY CATCH ME IN THE STATE O' KANSAS!

ALL THAT LONG AFTERNOON, THE BOY RAN...DESPITE THIRST AND BLISTERS, FEAR DROVE HIM ON...AND ON!

HE RAN UNTIL ALMOST DARK...

AND THE THING THAT SAVED HIS LIFE FROM SCULLY'S GUNHOUNDS HAPPENED WHILE HE SLEPT. A KANSAS CLOUDBURST...WIPING OUT HIS TRACKS...

A WEEK LATER...A WEEK OF TORTUROUS THIRST, GNAWING HUNGER, AND LONELY FEAR!

BE...BETTER TUH HANG!

RECKON I'LL DIE RIGHT HERE! SOONER THE BETTER!

FATE COULD'VE LED AN ITINERANT PREACHER TO HIM...OR A WEALTHY CATTLEMAN...OR HOMESTEADERS LIKE HIS FOLKS HAD BEEN. BUT FATE WAS NOT SO KIND. THE MAN WHO PAUSED BESIDE THIS PRAIRIE FLOTSAM WAS WANTED IN A DOZEN STATES FOR A SCORE OF CRIMES!

OUGHTA RIDE ON...BUT I M KINDA CURIOUS...FROM THE LOOK OF HIM HE'S A SODBUSTER'S KID...AN' THEY DON'T USUALLY HEAD WEST 'THOUT BRINGIN' ALONG THEIR PLOW!

CUT IT OUT, GRAMPS, I'M AWA... WHO ARE YUH?

EASY, PUNK...I'M NOT YORE GRAMPS!

I'M TUSS HURLEY ...I'M RIDIN' WEST. WHAT'S YORE STORY, BOY?

I'M JIM BA... ANDREWS! I... I WAS LOOKIN' FOR A STRAY COW, IS ALL.

I RECKON YA DON'T RECOGNIZE THE NAME, BOY! I SAID *TUSS HURLEY*... AN' THERE'S NOTHIN' TUH KEEP ME FROM PUTTIN' A SLUG IN YORE HEAD IF YUH TELL JUST *ONE MORE LIE!*

M-MY NAME IS *JIM GALDWIN*, MR. HURLEY...I'M RUN-NIN' AWAY FROM THE LAW BACK AT TOPEKA!

THE BOY FINISHED HIS STORY AS HE GATHERED WOOD AND HELPED HURLEY FIX GRUB.

SO YUH'RE A MURDERER JUST LIKE ME, HEY?

YESSIR. RECKON I AM.

BUT IF IT HAPPENED AGAIN, IF MY GRAND-DADDY WAS BEIN' STRUCK DEAD LIKE HE WAS, I'D KILL THAT COYOTE ALL OVER AGAIN!

TUSS HURLEY HAD TOO MANY LAWMEN IN KANSAS AND MISSOURI HUNT-ING HIM DOWN... HE PUT 800 MILES BEHIND HIM BEFORE HE EASED THE PACE.

RECKON WE COULD GO IN THE TOWN 'THOUT BEIN' ARRESTED NOW, SIR.

I DON'T LIKE QUIET TOWNS, BOY!

THIS WAS DISMAL COUNTRY. THE TOWN WAS A HUDDLE OF A FEW TIRED SUNBLEACHED BUILDINGS...THE CITIZENS DIDN'T LOOK TWICE AS ONE OF THEIR PITIFUL POPULACE DIED IN THE INCH-DEEP DUST IN THE STREET.

THERE'S ACTION HERE, BOY!

I CAN'T LIVE HERE...HOW CAN I EARN A LIVIN' HERE?

BLAM

WE'LL FIND YA SOME-THIN', BOY! HEY, OWNER...YOU NEED A CHEEFUL, WILLIN' YOUNG FELLA TUH COOK, WASH DISHES, DO CHORES AN' ALL?

WAIT A MINUTE, SIR! I DON'T AIM TA...

SHADDAP! HE'LL DO WHAT I SAY, OWNER! YA NEED HIM OR NOT?

SPLAT

YEAH, HE GOT A JOB.

JEST DO LIKE YUH'RE TOLD, JIM. NOBODY CARES WHO LIVES OR DIES IN A PLACE LIKE THIS...IF I PUT A SLUG IN YA WE WON'T EVEN DIG A GRAVE FOR YORE CARCASS.

SO JIM BALDWIN BECAME A CITIZEN OF THE OUT-LAW COMMUNITY...

I CAN'T EVEN GO TO THE LAW FOR HELP... THEY'D HANG ME HIGH!

THREE YEARS LATER...STILL AFRAID OF THE LAW, JIM BALD-WIN WAS OLDER BUT NO SMART-ER...

I'M GONNA RUN AWAY! I WON'T STAY HERE AN' TAKE THIS!

TUSS WANTED ME TO SNEAK DOWN TO THE BARKHILL SPREAD AN' STEAL THE GREY STALLION! WHEN I REFUSED LIKE I DID ALL THE OTHER TIMES, HE SLUGGED ME!

I'LL BET I COULD LICK THAT SLOB IN A FAIR FIGHT!

HE NEVER FOUGHT FAIR IN HIS LIFE!

TUSS HURLEY HAD THREE KILLERS BY THIS TIME. AND THEY PULLED HALF A DOZEN HOLD-UPS...THE LAST TIME A U.S. MARSHAL NAMED SHEAHY WOUNDED ONE OF THEM AND KILLED ANOTHER.

WE NEED ANOTHER MAN, TUSS, FOR THE HORSES.

NO SWEAT. THIS PUNK CAN HOLD HORSES...AN' WE DON'T HAVE TUH GIVE HIM A SHARE OF THE LOOT!

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. HURLEY, I'M NOT A CRIMINAL. I DON'T...

DON'T ARGUE, PUNK!

NOTICE SOMETHIN'? TUSS CAN'T KNOCK THE PUNK DOWN WITH *ONE PUNCH* NO MORE!

SPLAT

KEEP IT UP, PUNK, AN' I'LL...

YUH MAY'S WELL SHOOT, MR. HURLEY. I'M WANTED BY THE LAW BUT I'M NOT AN OUTLAW! I WON'T HELP YUH DO A CRIME!

AN HOUR LATER, THE FOUR KILLERS RODE SOUTH, WATCHING THEM, JIM BALDWIN RELUCTANTLY MADE HIS DECISION...

I GOT TO DO IT! I TRIED TUH GIT AWAY... THEY RODE ME DOWN AN' DRUG ME BACK!

NOW... I GOT NO CHOICE.

TUSS HURLEY'S FANCY GUNWORK WON'T HELP HIM IF I TURN THIS LOOSE ON HIM! IT'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN...

150 MILES SOUTHEAST OF THAT SORRY HUDDLE OF SHACKS, TUSS HURLEY WAS WORKING AT HIS TRADE.

BANK

GET THE CASH, WE'LL HANDLE THESE GUYS!

LOCAL CITIZENS TRIED TO HELP AND HURLEY'S BLAZING GUNS CUT THEM DOWN! U.S. MARSHAL SHEANY WAS IN THE HOTEL LOBBY WHEN THE GUNFIRE ROLLED. HE CAME RUNNING...

THERE'S SHEANY!

HE SAID HE'D SEE US HANG TUSS. NOW'S OUR CHANCE TUH GET HIM FIRST!

I'LL END IT HERE, HURLEY! I'LL...

BLAM!

CLIMB ON THE BRONC, SHEAHY! YUH'RE COMIN' WITH US!

I NEVER ARGUE WITH A GUN AT MY HEAD, HURLEY.

THREE DAYS RIDING BROUGHT THEM HOME AGAIN... BACK TO DEVIL JIM BALDWIN...BACK TO MAYBE BALDWIN'S BUCKSHOT IN THEIR GUTS!

WE'LL HANG YA, SHEAHY... IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AT HIGH NOON!

I'M BACK, PUNK. KEEP AN EYE ON THIS GENT...HE'S A U.S. MARSHAL AN' WE'RE GONNA *HANG* HIM RIGHT AFTER YA WHIP UP SOME CHOW!

YUH'RE ROTTEN, HURLEY...SO ROTTEN YUH MAKE A STINK IN THE AIR!

YOU BEEN EATIN' LOCO WEED, PUNK?

DON'T CALL ME THAT, YA MUTT!

ALL OF YUH...SHED YORE IRONS OR GET YORE FACES FILLED WITH BUCKSHOT! *NOW!!*

DO AS HE SAYS, BOYS! HE'S SCARED ENOUGH TUH DO IT!

HOLD 'EM THERE, SON, TILL I SECURE ONE OF THEIR GUNS!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

I'LL BE RIDIN' IN WITH YUH, MR. SHEAHY... BUT FIRST I GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THESE COYOTES.

I ONLY CARE ABOUT GETTING THEM TO JAIL, MY BOY! GO RIGHT AHEAD!

I THINK HE BROKE HIS JAW!

YOU PACK AN AWFUL PUNCH, LAD! THAT'LL BE ENOUGH NOW...WE WANT 'EM HEALTHY ENOUGH TO STAND TRIAL!

DON'T LET HIM DO THAT TO ME, MARSHAL! PLEASE. I'LL TELL EVERYTHING YUH WANT TO KNOW!

TAKE THIS, MY BOY! I'M MAKIN' YOU MY DEPUTY TO ESCORT THESE RASCALS TO TOWN!

I'LL HELP, SIR ...BUT FIRST OFF I'D BETTER TELL YUH WHAT I DID A COUPLE YEARS BACK.

SHEAHY LISTENED TO THE YOUNG OWLHOOTER'S STORY AS THEY RODE AND ...

I DON'T RECALL HEARIN' OF ANYONE BY YOUR NAME WANTED BY THE LAW BUT I'LL CLEAR IT UP AFTER WE GET THESE KILLERS BEHIND BARS.

THREE WEEKS LATER, SHEAHY HAS SOME CASH AND A RAILROAD TICKET FOR YOUNG JIM BALDWIN.

YOUR GRANDFATHER IS ALIVE, JIMMY. THE MAN YOU SHOT DIDN'T DIE TILL A YEAR LATER...SHOT BY A MAN'S WIFE JUST AS HE SHOT HIM DOWN! GO HOME, BE A DECENT FARMER LIKE THE GOOD LORD INTENDED.

I SURE WILL, MR. SHEAHY. THANKS AGAIN.

THE END

VOTE FOR ARLEN FOR MAYOR

RANDOLPH ARLEN PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT & REAL ESTATE

...CRAZY, ...'LL ...A ...IT OUT ...

YOU CHICKEN-LIVERED DUDE! YORE SNIVELIN' BREED BELONGS *BACK EAST!*

...DIDATE FOR BOOTHILL

...WAS TWO WEEKS OFF IN BUFFALO CITY... RANDOLPH ARLEN HAD ... SPEECHES TO THE SOLID CITIZENS IN THE TOWN BUT CULLY ...ONEERING HAD BEEN DONE IN HIS SALOON WITH FREE DRINKS, ...EE-GARS FOR THE ITINERANT ELEMENT WHO'D ALSO CAST THEIR ..., BURK DID A LITTLE MORE ELECTIONEERING..WITH BLAZING GUNS!

...LAWLESSNESS ...URK! THIS IS A ...G COMMUNITY AND...

YOU'RE A FOOL, ARLEN!

THE TOWN'S *WATCHIN' ME*, ARLEN! THE *LAW-ABIDIN' COMMUNITY* YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT!

OOOFF!

ARLEN COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. HE WAS UNABLE TO GET UP... BUT HE SAW A MERCHANT HAROLD EGGERS, PASSING AND HE CALLED OUT... IN VAIN.

H-HARRY, I... HARRY!

NOBODY'LL HELP YA, SUCKER!

SOMEBODY WILL!

JUST STAY PUT, TENDERFOOT! CULLY BURK LIKES HAVIN' YA ON YORE KNEES!

DRINK UP, GENTS. THE BEST IN THE HOUSE IS ON ME.. HAVE A STEAK DINNER, WHATEVER YA LIKE!

WHERE IS THE TOWN MARSHAL? HE'S HONEST ENOUGH...

BURK'S SALOON

CULLY BURK THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

KEEP AWAY FROM HIM, MIZ TAIT. HE...

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO A DECENT WOMAN, YOU BEAST! GET AWAY FROM HERE OR THE CITIZENS OF THIS TOWN WILL HORSEWHIP YOU.

YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED OUT OF IT, MRS. TAIT. THEY MIGHT REVENGE THEMSELVES ON MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY.

MY FAMILY WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES, MR. ARLEN.

THE BANKER, GEORGE CARTER, HURRIED OVER A MOMENT LATER...

I HAD TO STAY AWAY. THAT KILLER, MARCUS, WOULD SHOOT ME IF I INTERFERED. ARLEN, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. THE MARSHAL...?

HE HAD A NOTE FROM A U.S MARSHAL TO MEET HIM IN CRESCENT.. PROBABLY A TRICK TO GET HIM OUT OF TOWN.

I'M NOT GOING TO BE FRIGHTENED OFF. I'LL GET EVIDENCE AGAINST BURK IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO.

HE'S A CATTLE RUSTLER, A CROOKED GAMBLER, AND A MURDERER! I'M SURE HE RODE WITH A GANG IN KANSAS AND I'VE WRITTEN TO SEVERAL SHERIFFS ASKING ABOUT HIM. I SHOULD RECEIVE INFORMATION SOON.

A DAY OR TWO LATER, R. ARLEN WAITED AT THE DEPOT FOR THE TRAIN... ON WHICH MAIL FROM THE EAST WOULD ARRIVE.

I HOPE FOR MAIL VERY SOON.

I'LL WAIT TILL YOU GET THE MAIL SORTED, MR. WIDGE.

IT'LL TAKE ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES, MR. ARLEN.

POST OFFICE

U.S. MAIL

ONE HOUR LATER, MR. WIDGE'S POST OFFICE DOOR WAS STILL CLOSED AND LOCKED..

MR. WIDGE! MR. WIDGE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I THINK HE MAY BE ILL.

RATTLE-RATTLE

THE MARSHAL WAS CALLED. HE WAS IRRITATED BECAUSE OF THE LONG RIDE TO CRESCENT ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE. NO U.S. MARSHAL MET HIM THERE. NOW THE MARSHAL BREAKS THE P.O. WINDOW AND...

SOMEONE KNOCKED HIM OUT!

SOMEONE WHO GOT IN AND OUT THROUGH *THIS WINDOW*

DID YOU SEE WHO DID IT, MR. WIDGE? WHAT WERE THEY AFTER?

ONE MAN... SOCKED ME FROM BEHIND! DIDN'T SEE WHO DID IT.

DID I HAVE ANY LETTERS?

ONE... *FROM A KANSAS SHERIFF.*

I WANT CULLY BURK ARRESTED, MARSHAL! I'LL SWEAR OUT A WARRANT CHARGING *ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON.*

YOU'RE *CRAZY*, ARLEN. YOU'LL GET KILLED... AND YOU'LL GET ME KILLED WITH YOU!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE.

YUH STILL IN TOWN, ARLEN? IT AIN'T HEALTHY FOR DUDES HERE!

I'M NOT LEAVING, ANIMAL.

WATCH YER MOUTH, DUDE!

SPLAAAT!

I DEMAND YOU **ARREST** THEM! YOU SAW WHAT HAP...

I WAS LOOKIN' **THE OTHER WAY**, MR. ARLEN. NOW, SHUT UP WHILE YUH'RE **STILL HEALTHY.**

THAT DUDE WON'T **LAST** TILL ELECTION DAY! HAR HAR HAR HAR.

GENERAL STORE

RANDOLPH ARLEN HAD HUNTED BACK IN OHIO... FOR GAMEBIRDS AND RABBITS...AND HE KNEW HOW TO FIRE A SHOTGUN WELL ENOUGH.

B-BUT A SHOTGUN AGAINST AN EXPERT GUNSLINGER? THEY'LL CUT YOU DOWN!

I'D RATHER DIE LIKE A MAN THAN LIVE ON MY KNEES, RUFUS. GIVE ME A BOX OF BUCKSHOT.

IT'LL BE THEM OR ME, RUFUS.

THEM **OR US**, MISTER. I RECKON I DID ALL THE BACKIN' DOWN I'M GONNA DO TO THEM!

IN HIS SALOON, BURK WAS BUYING MORE VOTES WHEN RANDOLPH ARLEN, THE DUDE CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, CAME IN. THE ROARING, CURSING CROWD GOT QUIET AS THEY SAW THE MAN STANDING WITH THE HEAVY GUN...

LEMME KILL 'IM, BOSS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, ARLEN? WHAT'S THE SCATTERGUN FOR? GONNA BLOW YER BRAINS OUT AN' SAVE ME THE TROUBLE?

I'M HERE TO MAKE A CITIZEN'S ARREST, MR. BURK. OF YOU... IKE MARCUS... AND THAT OVERGROWN FOOL WHO PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN NAME!

THE DUDE'S TOO CHICKEN TUH USE THE CANNON, BOSS! I...

BARROOOOM!

IF I SHOT YOU, MARCUS, I WOULD'VE BLOWN YOU IN HALF! NOW, BURK. DRAW YOUR SIX-GUN!

Y-YOU'RE C-CRAZY, ARLEN! YOU CAN'T SHOOT *ALL* OF US WITH...

WHO ARLEN MISSES, I'LL GET, BURK! NOW, DO LIKE THE MAN SAYS!

W-WHAT ARE Y-YUH GONNA DO?

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A FAIR CHANCE TO KILL ME AS YOU'VE BRAGGED YOU WOULD.

YOU'RE CRAZY, ARLEN. I...

VERY LIKELY, BURK. NOW ...STAND THERE...THREE PACES FROM ME. WE *EACH* HAVE A GUN. *RAISE YOURS. AIM IT AT ME!*

WHERE'S THE MARSHAL? YOU'VE GOT TO BE STOPPED! IT'D BE ***MURDER.*** I WOULDN'T HAVE ***A CHANCE!***

THE MEN YOU KILLED NEVER HAD A CHANCE EITHER, BURK! NOW...PULL THAT TRIGGER...OR START TALKING ABOUT ALL THE CRIMES YOU'VE COMMITTED HERE!

W-WAIT! LISTEN, I'LL CONFESS ***FIRST.*** BURK TOLD US TUH HIT MR. WIDGE AND TAKE THE LETTERS FOR ARLEN. BURK GOT THE LETTERS IN HIS POCKET RIGHT NOW!

BURK'S KILLERS TRIED TO OUTDO EACH OTHER IN THEIR CONFESSIONS...AND THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT THE WOULD-BE POLITICIAN'S FUTURE...

...AND CULLISON BURK IS WANTED FOR MURDER HERE IN KANSAS AS WELL AS IN OKLAHOMA.

SO THE CANDIDATE FOR BOOTHILL WOUND UP IN CITY HALL INSTEAD AS MAYOR ARLEN...

AND I GUARANTEE FREEDOM FROM FEAR IN THIS TOWN FOREVERMORE! LAW AND ORDER ARE HERE TO STAY.

RANDY ARLEN
OUR NEW MAYOR

END